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Psychic Power Made Plain
CORRILLA BANISTER

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Psychic Power Made Plain

BY
CORRILLA BANISTER
Author of "Self Building"



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By CORRILLA BANISTER

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DEDICATION

THIS Volume is dedicated to all who in charity give even so much as a cup of cold water to those who are stranded and athirst in the desert places of life.

CORRILLA BANISTER

INVOCATION

BY HIRAM K. WENTWORTH

If thoughts are things, as mystics claim,
May thy thoughts win enduring fame,—
Like His who stilled the raging sea,
Who on the shores of Galilee
Made waiting throngs, who came to jeer,
Acclaim Him sage, and priest, and seer.

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ALL things have a voice for the spirit. Spirits are in the secret of the harmony of all creations with each other; they comprehend the spirit of sound, the spirit of color, the spirit of vegetable life; they can question the mineral, and the mineral makes answer to their thoughts.—SERAPHITA, p. 81, by BALZAC

A Modern Miracle

CHAPTER I

STRANDED

BENEATH the glare of a June day sun, suffering from thirst, and stranded upon the soft, white sands that border the waters of beautiful Onset Bay, a jelly-fish was listening anxiously for the sound of the incoming tide. But instead of the cool swish, swish of the waves it heard a confused and indistinct babble, apparently proceeding from a strange-looking assemblage a short distance away, which seemed to be deeply interested in the discussion of questions of great importance. As cruel fate compelled it to remain upon

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the dry, hot sand, exposed to the down-pouring rays of the midsummer sun, and being naturally of an inquiring disposition, the jelly-fish flattened out its delicate, disk-shaped body and slowly approached the place of meeting; for it wished to hear the big-sounding words quite distinctly, so as better to understand and more intelligently follow the threads of the discussion. Having gained the outskirts of the group, its attention was at once attracted by the repeated exclamation,—“ I’m a brick ! I’m a brick ! ”

The thirsty fish inquired the name of the beach. The answer was a most unearthly yell, and the voice of an Indian warrior shouted, “ Hapa lemosa cita lemaca camo met ! ” ending with the war-whoop of his tribe.

“ Yes ; I understand that you are one of the aborigines ; that the pale-

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faces taught you to drink their rum, and under its influence you traded your possessions for glass beads, but when sober enough to understand the swindle, you tomahawked all the good ones. For this outrage you were shot or hanged by the modern Jacobs whose mess of pottage you drank. No wonder the Indians named it fire-water ; it certainly consumed you and yours, that is, if my teacher told me the truth."

"Dago mena sorosa shell lena ?" replied the Indian.

The fish answered : " As you are alive, I suppose that you must be a poor tramp selling beaded purses or straw baskets for your bread ; because my teacher, the whale, assured me that only educated and wealthy white men live in the beautiful homes on this coast since they turned the red-men into spirits. She also said the

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white men were consuming the entire whale family to make candles for lighting holy altars, and to obtain bone to add grace and dignity to the forms of their females. Big Indian, won't you please step down to the water and fill your hands and sprinkle my poor dry body? I'll soon be dew if you don't."

Many moments elapsed, which appeared hours to the waiting fish. Finally, it heard a soft puff, puff, such as comes from the lips of sailors when they become miniature engines, just to keep the power going while the big smoke-stacks rest in the harbor. Between the puffs came these sounds: "Le lum chang, wong dong Chinee laundry."

The quivering fish sighed: "Alas, my mother never entered the Chinese waters, therefore I do not catch your meaning; but if you

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really wish to aid a stranded fellow-creature, look out and see if the Indian went for the water. One cannot hear their moccasins on this sand. Why does he not return to help me? He must be good or he would have been hurried to his happy hunting-grounds years ago."

The Chinese voice puffed—"Chinee lum chum bum. Le was se mo."

The fish asked eagerly, "Could you wash me off with a little salt water? At least, tell me where the person is who was shouting 'I'm a brick,' when cruel fate landed me on this rough, dry bed."

A calm musical voice intoned, "Peace, Peace, Peace, brother. You have come to a Congress of Religions, or philosophies, as we would call it in the Orient. This is Onset, and our members have sailed

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in with the tide or were dropped by the hand of chance. Here we have remained for twenty years, and not one of us has changed an opinion. The first spiritual teacher who makes a convert is to claim the distinction of being nearest the truth, and then we will adjourn."

The fish cried, "One thing I certainly know. If I'm not sprinkled or immersed within the next few moments I shall not make one of your audience."

A strong, loud voice called—"Brother Fish, I'm your man, if immersion is your ticket. Do you believe in that mode of baptism?"

The parching fish wailed—"Anything, anything; please give me water. Why, even a little sprinkle will do, if I cannot have a good old-time swim. Just come on with the water."

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The loud voice took on a harsher tone as it answered, " Ah, Mr. Fish, there is just where we differ. I'm not the shepherd for you, since my flock must follow me down into and straightway out of the water. However, you shall have one more chance for salvation. Who died to save man ? "

The fish replied, " When I was growing in the saliva of the whale, a harpoon struck her, and in a fit of rage she threw me out of her mouth. As I fell back into the ocean I heard her declare that she would not die to save lazy women from making the muscular effort to support their own overfed bodies. Then she fought, knocked the bottom out of the boat, and swam triumphantly away while the drowning men were shouting for help. This is all that I know about dying to save man. "

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The Preacher asked, "Has no one taught you that if you repent, believe and be baptized, you will reach Heaven because Jesus Christ died to save you?"

"No, no; the whale told me that I would receive much teaching while a student upon the broad ocean of life. To unfold I must listen to all teachers, holding myself in a receptive condition, and wisdom, which really means spirituality, would grow upon me if I kept clear of all harbors by sailing in the middle of the stream, where the light of truth could reach me.

"That good old whale was more than a mother to me, because she said I was so low in the state of evolution that I would not be required to give up my body to our little cruel brothers, who walk as kings upon the land, valuing nothing

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unless it gives up life at their demand. She swore that with *her*, it would be a fight to the death. But have you really found one of your own brothers to die for you? I am rejoiced to hear this news, for man must surely be content with that death, and will leave my dear old friend, the whale, to swim in the peaceful waters of the North Sea."

Several delegates from as many churches held a hurried council and elected a speaker to question the audience. He began: "We shall see what his views are, for the entire Congress has heard him beg to be sprinkled. Perhaps he wishes to join one of our churches; but before Mr. Jelly is taken in I am obliged to ask one question. Brother, do you dance?"

The fish's voice expressed great joy and happiness, for just then mem-

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ory was a kind friend to the sufferer. "Oh, yes, yes! I have done nothing else all my life long. I turn, bow to my partner, turn again for a glide, then bow and bow. Why, a beautiful young lady was leaning over the side of a man-of-war anchored in Portsmouth harbor. As she watched me she turned to her companion and said, 'How much more graceful is this jelly-fish than any of our Army or Navy dudes who have waltzed with me since they returned from their Spanish fandango.' Had I not been thinking of that girl's speech as I glided upon the slick surface of the bay, I would now be in the element most suited to my physical needs."

The pious voice retorted, "Vain and foolish fish, that answer convinces me that your fate is absolutely no concern of ours. We

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belong to churches which abhor dancing, and you would be compelled to promise never to again indulge in such a wicked pleasure if any one of us sprinkled you. God is trying to ask you to promise, while the devil, at your elbow, is whispering, 'Dance, dance to your soul's damnation.'"

Quivering with pain and anger, the fish replied, "Quiet, Sir Churchman! Keep your poor little sprinkle. I require oceans of water and you prate about drops; meanwhile I thirst and shrivel. If none of you can be persuaded to dip, pour or sprinkle me with water, I entreat you to cover me with a seaweed, or just throw a little wet sand over my body. From this Congress I can learn so much that I would live until the Indian returns with the water."

CHAPTER II

THE AGNOSTIC CHAIRMAN

RIPPLES of musical laughter floated over the still waters, were echoed by the pine trees on the opposite shore, and passed on to the merry wild violets in the field beyond. The happy voice asked, "Fish alive, where have you been all your life not to know that at Onset people talk without tongues, walk without legs, and backs are a thing of the past with every one on this beach save yourself? When I lectured in the Onset auditorium I was floating upon the tide of public opinion, pretty much as you sailed in a little while ago. I was celebrated

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for telling the people what I believed to be the truth, even when the pious world turned its back upon a free man, for speaking words which coward bondsmen shivered to hear ; while the slave owners gnashed their teeth in rage when I fearlessly lifted the bar of eloquence to break the shackles of narrow, man-made creeds which held my brothers in chains. I told the truth then, and I shall tell it now, even if it kills you by destroying your hope of help from Indian, Chinaman, or those brothers of the cloth who held you on the witness stand this hot day.

“ We are just twelve stones, with a large angular piece of brick in the centre of the council.

“ On this Cape I am accustomed to talking to live ears, and a stranded jelly-fish has all the requisites for a good judge, because it cannot ad-

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jour the Court (no matter how dry it may be) before the speaker makes his best point. On account of a knowledge of parliamentary rules and no belief whatever in religious creeds, the members of this Congress have requested me to take the Chair. The audience will please imagine me making my most telling bow. Order is Nature's first law, and as the smoothest stone is of course the oldest, it should take precedence of all the rest ; the flexible stone from the Orient, representing the Vedas, has the honor of opening this sitting."

CHAPTER III

THE FLEXIBLE STONE

THE Swami said : “ Brothers and sister, I am highly grateful for the honor you have conferred upon my philosophy by giving me the first place on this platform, but I must remind you that in the Western world white always takes precedence over copper.”

The Chair responded : “ Alas, what you say is only too true, but we adore gold, therefore I advise you to speedily polish and burnish your bronze surface until it resembles our most popular god ; then you will be one to sixteen. The Vedanta philosopher has generously given place to the White Stone from Israel.”

CHAPTER IV

THE WHITE STONE SPOKE THESE WORDS

“**T**WO thousand years ago I was only a little grain of white sand, and memory carries me back to the Sea of Galilee, where my body became sensitive to rays of sunlight. First consciousness was awakened by a voice softer than slumber-song which the anxious mother croons over the cradle of her firstborn, sweeter than honey gathered from flowers watered by tears of gratitude. The volume thereof seemed to be caught from the music of the spheres.

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“This glorious voice was speaking to the fishermen as they mended their nets. In their work they had acquired the power of silence, which made them ideal listeners to Jesus, who turned to them when others, in their ceaseless toil for earthly gains, rushed along refusing to stop for a few moments to learn how to acquire spiritual wealth from this man whose body reflected the light of spirit. He radiated health of soul and body, and all who entered the divine circle were healed. He was saying: ‘To him that overcometh, will I give of the hidden manna, and I will give him a white stone.’ (Rev. ii, 17.) ‘I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.’ (Luke xix, 40.)

“One day a rich young man strolled along the beach and was at-

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tracted by the illuminated face of my beautiful Master. At his approach the fishermen drew back so that their rough garments would not soil or contaminate the elegant vestments of wealth. When very near to Jesus, he asked how he could attain the perfect physical beauty which seemed to follow spiritual illumination. Passing his fingers through the perfumed locks of the stranger, Jesus answered : ' My son, thy bump of acquisitiveness has dwarfed thy entire body. This abnormal growth now threatens destruction of thy soul. Go sell all that thou hast and give the money to the poor.'

" After that day he healed the sick by touch or look, and all the time the holy physician was saying to the fishermen, ' Ye can do this, and even greater things can ye do, also, — I go to my father who is in Heaven. Lit-

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tle children, love ye one another. Do good to those who persecute you.' One thought seemed always uppermost in his mind, for continually he was affirming, 'I and my father are one.' 'I am spirit as ye are spirit, and one with the Universal Father, who loveth all things which he hath created, even marking the fall of the sparrow to the ground.' He urged his pupils to note well this last lesson about their neighbors, whom they must love as themselves. When he went away some of the fishermen followed him, leaving their nets to become fishers of men.

"After many moons had passed, one day while I was meditating upon the teachings of Jesus, I heard a stranger telling that a terrible thing had happened at Jerusalem. From what he said I gathered this: When

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my Master entered the city through the gate called the 'Eye of the Needle,' he saw the unloaded camels crawling and dragging themselves under the great wall. He turned to his disciples, pointed to the men taking the loads from their burden-bearers, and said, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God.' (Matt. xix, 24.) The passersby stopped to listen, and the wealthy and proud among them murmured at this saying. Of course, some one told the Priests, who kept the temples as a source of income. They could not brook such a rebuke from our brave teacher, and took counsel among themselves how best to murder him who taught that spiritual unfoldment was gained by keeping the thoughts constantly

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fixed upon high and holy subjects. The priests forced the politicians to slay this independent pauper, who went about teaching that a man is just as important as the sparrow in the sight of their Creator. His strongest plea was always for the poor, therefore, he overturned the tables of the money-changers and it raised a storm of indignation which shook the city from palace to hovel, and ended in the death of Jesus.

“When the stranger finished speaking I whispered to Mother Earth that if what my Master tried to teach the fishermen is true, he was then and is now a free soul, with power to project his lighter spirit-body into higher planes of existence and return to lower consciousness with the memory of what he had seen and heard while his dense body was in a state closely re-

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sembling the last sleep. How could he have known himself to be spirit, unless he had seen and used his bright shadow-body? When he went alone to fast and pray for forty days he was only getting his teaching from the vibrations which touched the plane upon which he was then dwelling. Away from man and the unrest of earth-bound minds he attained freedom, and was then and is now a free soul.

“When the man continued to affirm that Jesus was murdered, I asked mother to allow me to travel by water, that I might teach all who approached the sea-shores to rest, pray, or listen to the wave’s song. I would think upon the sayings of my Master, and the power would go out to quicken the souls of those who became quiet enough to hear the unspoken words. I promised

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that all the time I would be telling of the gentle Nazarene, whose image I bear in my heart ; for I know that I and my father are one. Little pebble though I look to you, I am spirit, and part of the great Universal Whole, though my individuality is incased in this bit of white stone. Rolling continually, of course I gather no moss, but my zeal increases with the years spent teaching my brothers to manifest within their minds the image and likeness of sons of God, so that truthfully they can declare, 'I and my Father are one.'"

"White Stone, is this your testimony as regards the teachings of the man Jesus, who by a perfect life attained to the state of Christ? All evidence must be put into a perfectly legal form, therefore I must ask you to please hold up your right hand.

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Mr. Fish, do you wish to question the witness?"

"Ask him, for my tongue's too dry, are there any people who have heard or heeded his Master's teaching about bestowing all their goods upon the poor? Are there any who love their neighbors as themselves? If he has made one convert, perhaps that pupil will pity my parched condition and return me to the water of Onset Bay."

With a deep sigh the Stone of Galilee answered: "Alas, many have listened, but the coarse vibrations which touch their plane of life dull their comprehension of the higher laws governing spiritual development. Peace must enter a mind before it acquires the ability to absorb waves of spiritual thought, which scarcely get afloat before they are overwhelmed by the mighty re-

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verse current which constantly sweeps the earth. Sunday, when people rest from the chase and adoration of worldly gains, and the hard-worked animals cease from toiling for cruel, thoughtless masters, people are quickly touched by my thoughts; even the hand that slaughters these innocent creatures is somewhat stayed on this peaceful day; hence many of the harsh and soul-killing vibrations have ceased, at least for twenty-four hours. This case recently came to my ears:

“Three days ago two women rested upon the old stranded boat, north of this Congress, and a small, dark woman was urging a tall, fair one to ‘open her door.’ The following story was told by the fair woman:

“‘When I began the search for soul unfoldment my first teacher as-

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ured me that the entire animal kingdom is closely related ; in fact, those lower in the state of evolution are our brothers. We should not murder them for food, because their nervous system is too nearly akin to our own not to send messages of pain and anguish consequent upon violent and premature death through the entire body, thereby rendering animal flesh unfit for food. Man pays a heavy penalty for flesh eating, which brings unrest and lower desires and appetites in its train, and must cease to feed upon this pain-poisoned flesh if he seeks the peace which passeth all understanding. Wisdom-bearing vibrations can never touch carnivorous man. At once I promised to respect the physical bodies which my weaker neighbors had built for their own enjoyment. From that day my body

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has never been defiled by feeding upon helpless animals ; for I must keep holy this temple which I would build into the image and likeness of God.

“ ‘ My next master taught that service was the safest path leading to spirituality. Then I walked from house to house, teaching the ignorant, and healing the sick ; and as I passed along I discovered that all weak physical bodies correspond to weak and discordant thoughts, and harmonious thoughts produce their counterpart in the body. After a short time I grew to know what quality of thoughts the patient had been sending as poison into the flesh. Verily, it was clearly demonstrated, “ as a man thinketh, so is he.”

“ ‘ I taught the people that pain or poverty would vanish as a sea-tum vanishes before a strong west

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wind, once their thoughts were trained and brought to a focus by the daily practice of concentration upon some pleasant subject. Even to repeat the words, Peace, joy, love, kindness, health or power, will strengthen the physical body.

“‘My teacher impressed upon me to teach our brothers that they are now spirit ; for modern science clearly proves that man’s body changes entirely within less than twelve months and is being constantly renewed by food, water and air. I taught the people to build their bodies out of the purest elements to be procured, if they would have peaceful thoughts which would finally result in healthful bodies. This is the sure way to attain the power to successfully attract health, youth and abundant opulence. My teacher also said if we would be-

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come illuminated spirits while yet in the body, we must seek to lead others to the light. Forgetting self, pull or push a weaker brother up to the mountain top ; for in the clearer atmosphere of the heights a broader view is obtained, and peace also appears in answer to your demand that it dwell within your mind.

“ ‘In a distant city I found a master who taught that Jesus asked, “Who is my mother ?” When we are absorbed in our own children, without giving thought to earth’s homeless toilers seeking shelter and food as their right as children of the one family, we are living behind closed doors, and God cannot dwell within our hearts until the Universal Mother-love enters to prepare the way for the indwelling Father. Those who would ascend to the

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Christ-plane must break all earthly ties holding them in bondage to the flesh.

“ ‘Afterward I found one who lifted and carried many feeble creatures in her strong arms to the altar of abounding faith. She assured me that loaded camels travel slowly, and to become a swift messenger of truth one must carry neither food nor water into the desert, but trust to the Father, whose glad tidings he bears, to care for the needs of his child; for even the faith of an awakened spirit will attract all that is required from day to day, and with the tomorrow he has nothing whatever to do. On returning to the world I gave away my last change of raiment, and the three days’ rations I had gathered for the journey, praying that others would be induced to follow this path after

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the flesh of my feet had received and carried away the thorns.'

"The fair one had been walking up and down the deck of the wreck, but now she faced her companion, and continued :

" 'Here I am at Onset, with nothing left but my physical body, and you say that I have no right to occupy that, but should turn it into a common inn for any ghostly guest who chooses to enter; and if I refuse you threaten that the good and bad spirits in their rage will destroy this, my sole earthly possession, which my will created, and my thoughts are trying to build into the image and likeness of my Spirit-Creator. Love of flesh eating, desire, worldly position, human opinions, I gave up because they were task masters holding me a slave. Last, and hardest of all, the image

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of the prodigal's face was wiped from the slate of memory when a master said, Forget the past and live in the beautiful future, if you would reach a state of existence where you can gather from universal vibrations the wisdom of sages and saints. By daily practice of concentration upon your oneness with spirit, you will attain the power to project your spiritual body into higher spheres, and then return bearing messages which will awaken earth's sleeping children to witness the dawn of the new Jerusalem.

“Yesterday, you hinted that my extreme poverty was brought about by a lower order of spirits to retard my work as a teacher; to-day, you urge me to “open my door,” which really means that I should give up my last possession to be defiled by tramp ghosts who have nothing

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better to do than hang around weak sensitives, hoping that their victim will foolishly allow this useless form of dissipation. Spiritualists bar and lock their city homes when coming to Onset. They would never dream of asking any one to dwell there during their absence, for fear that the homeless occupant might introduce an unseen atmosphere which would shock their sensitive psychometric tendencies. If they left those shut-up homes open for any tramp or beggar who cared to enter, outlaws would be attracted to the neighborhood to break windows, ruin carpets, and very likely set fire to the entire structure.

“‘ No, I positively refuse to allow my soul-house to become desecrated by ignorant earth-bound forces drawn and held to the world because they have neither the desire nor the

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will-power to carry them to a higher plane where the soul is touched and quickened. I shall never turn my temple into a lifeless harp, for once an æolian is firmly fixed in a window it is forced to vibrate with every wind that blows, whether it be a storm from the East battering your ships against the outer shoals, or a gentle south breeze from off my own flower-crowned prairies. I have that within which will touch and awaken this harp into sweetest melody, and no lifeless instrument shall my soul-quickened body become.'

"The dark companion answered, 'You wish to work for humanity, and this is the one true way to serve our fellow creatures.'

"The positive force replied, 'Friend, you are mistaken. To attain a position where I can really aid

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any one, I must first cease to vibrate with each wave of thought from Ghostland to earth. Only to the voice of the Mother-Father Creator do I wish to become negative. Let obsessing spirits or men murder this body, I can use a brighter, better one, which blind man cannot see until he lives where I live, because flesh cannot discern spirit.' ”

Here the president interrupted to say that the White Stone's time was about up, but Mr. Fish could ask one more question.

“Stone of Israel, was that fair woman of your faith?”

“What she said sounded very like my Master's teachings. Alas, I am not sure, yet I know that she has caught many of the thoughts which I constantly send over waves of ether, for she seems to be growing

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into a realization of her oneness with Creative-Spirit."

"Won't some one call that Indian? He has surely forgotten my dry condition," wailed the fish.

CHAPTER V

THE SWAMI

THE mellow, amber voice of the Flexible Stone intoned "Peace ! Peace ! Peace ! brother. Yet a little while and you will have evaporated. Since nothing in the universe is lost, the spiritualized elements will all remain unaffected by the change which gross ignorance calls death. Keep your mind fixed upon Love, and have Charity for all creatures, especially those who would allow you to sink or swim because you desire water in large quantities, and will carry your love of dancing into the lighter form of matter in which you will

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soon awake to consciousness. Be at peace, and meditate upon your kinship to man through oneness with Spirit. While the final change is taking place I shall use the power of concentrated mental force to teach and unfold your mind, that you may carry an awakened consciousness beyond this your last hour as a jelly-fish."

"Are there any questions?" asked the Chairman.

"Swami," queried the fish, "please tell me, if I should return again to the ocean as a larger fish, would you impale a live worm upon the sharp point of a hook attached to a line and rod, and throw it out to deceive me into thinking I am getting my dinner? Would you catch and eat my body to again liberate spirit matter?"

The Swami answered: "No, no,

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brother. We leave all to pass away in our Maker's own good time. I hold your life sacred, for according to the laws governing vibration the fisherman's thought of deceiving the fish might touch weak men, and make it an easy matter for them to deceive innocent maidens."

"Mr. Fish," said the Chairman, "while you are the audience your wishes must rule the proceedings, for we hold the Congress to teach those who come to Onset. Have you another question?"

"Swami," questioned the fish, "did you ever hear of Jesus, whom the White Stone told about?"

"You mean the Christ of Nazareth? Oh, yes. He was a child of our faith, and attained wisdom, as all will who still the lower mind and cease to care for earthly things. Quiet as this water is now it reflects

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trees, boats, even the houses, in their true colors, while the sun, with its background of golden clouds, is so clearly mirrored that if a person had never looked above, he would go away to tell others that a great ball of fire was illumining a village built upon the mud at the bottom of On-set Bay. We who have been taught to look aloft to receive the Master's teachings understand that the ignorant person would not be the romancer he is so often called, if in youth he had been taught to look up, out, or beyond the physical plane for causes. The pity is that so many are looking into the mud and finding allusive shadow, while the real light of truth is grasped by the few whose thoughts are lifted above earthly things.

“Be at peace, brother fish, and meditate upon your oneness with the Infinite; or say, with the White

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Stone's Christ, 'I and my Father are one,' if you would reflect the light of holy spirit as this water mirrors the sun."

The Chairman then said, "The two ministers were allowed to speak out of order, because the needs of the audience demanded that they be given an opportunity to aid a fellow creature. The White Stone has gathered neither moss, weed, nor shell to hold it to the bottom of the Ocean, or mar its virgin purity. The Swami's great age has polished his surface until he closely resembles the peaceful waters from which he has so poetically taught a most beautiful spiritual lesson. Had he come to the West with a religion instead of a philosophy, his lectures would have attracted great crowds of eager truth-seekers to this beach.

"In the interest of the audience I

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must ask a few questions. Swami, will you be kind enough to explain those strange characters engraved upon your face?"

"In my country," replied the Swami, "we build temples to great and good men who have taught and worked for India. Through their teachings and from the Infinite Source of all Life, we know our bodies to be the temples in which spirit dwells, as nothing made by hands can hold spirit; only beautiful thoughts build us into the image and likeness of the Mother-Father Spirit. The children of India are forced to learn two thousand names for the Creative Force which you call God. These names are fixed in the young mind so that if he should hear of a new philosophy or religion he would at once say: 'Oh, yes, I understand, it is just another name for Spirit

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Power which is filling infinite space'; then he learns to reverence one more name.

"My last Indian Master could neither read nor write, and was poorer than any homeless pariah; but his spiritual nature had budded and blossomed into a fragrance which bore his wise and pure thoughts to the very furthest corner of our land; for his teachings came to us as rain upon a sunparched garden. He labored to pay a pundit who for ten years read to him the writings of Confucius, Buddha, Mohammed, and lastly, the Hebrew Bible with the life of Jesus. This poor man had just one desire, that was to live the teachings of the Master, which were then being read to him. Of course, as an adept who had developed wisdom through many previous incarnations, he could repeat

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the entire Vedas from memory. After years of study and practice these were his words: 'All holy teachers are like so many rivers leading us to the one Great Ocean of Truth.'

"Upon me he left these characters, each standing for one of the two thousand names of the Infinite. As I travel men grow broader and kinder, for I am sending out pure vibrations of peace."

The Chairman remarked — "Please pardon me, Swami. I observe that your formation is most peculiar. You are doubtless aware that in life I was a breaker of stone which encrusted the better natures of human beings; in all my experience as a destructive geologist I never came across any formation which in the slightest degree resembled yourself. Again I ask you

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to pardon me, if I seem too personal, but will you tell us under what head to classify your being?"

"Brother, your interest in myself gives me great joy. I am the Flexible Stone of India, which bends without breaking. My absorbing qualities far exceed those of the brick, but the only difference between us is this: The Vedas teach that God required centuries to create the flexible stone, while man made the brick within a few hours. Knowing myself as one with my Creator gives me power far exceeding that which is developed in those 'Dark Circles' where the sensitive is encased in a cabinet of ebon-blackness, and from which spirits of the dead are materialized for any one who pays the required fee. My spiritual being is open to wisdom-bearing vibrations which are afloat

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in the universe, but gross and lower thoughts touch me no more than foul, muddy water soils the white lily about whose heart it ebbs and flows."

"Swami, why does a Hindoo accept Christ and reject Christianity?"

"To give a clearer answer to your question we must go back to the ancient laws which governed India. Even at the present time that same moral code rules the masses of our people. When Egypt's best Ruler was under the guidance of wise teachers, he sent men of learning to India that they might study our laws and return with a knowledge of those best suited to govern the Egyptians. Later, Moses was a student at that Court. When he became a leader he wished to elevate the moral standard of Israel, and he simply abbreviated ten of our old laws which

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were good enough to rule his people for all time. To this day people of India obey the commandment, 'Thou shalt do no murder.' What do the Christians think God meant by that law? Did he mean—Thou shalt not murder a man? Or that man was not to slay his brother except in battle? Had it not a broader meaning, including the animal kingdom also? We, who formulated this law, know that it was meant to be taken in its widest sense, because the ox and the ass took precedence over the 'stranger that is within thy gates.'

"Since Jesus taught new continents have been discovered and new nations formed. For centuries the Hindoos have lived the teachings of the Nazarene, for when a man smites us on one cheek we turn the other also. Knowing this of us,

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men came from the far West to trade with our people. They seemed like barbarians, because of their carnivorous propensities. However, we permitted these unclean creatures to enter our country, hoping that they would soon learn from us what was meant by the teaching, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' We opened our gates to these ignorant brothers, who looked so pale and ill. Thus we received the Christians, better named, fortune hunters. All of them wore long cloaks, and on their breasts they carried some emblem of Christianity; but, to our astonishment, they desired to travel the road leading direct to our treasure store, though their commander, Christ, said, Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth but in heaven. We trusted our fair visitors because these

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sayings were constantly upon their lips.

“When safely within our gates they threw aside those long white cloaks and stood revealed as warriors, with weapons ready to slay us their hosts, if we refused to provide the animal flesh upon which those Christians fed. When in a safe position our visitors murdered the people who guarded India’s wealth, taking the life of a man with as little regret as they showed over the slaughter of the gentle cows which gave milk for the young. We let them understand that we would do no murder even to save bread for our starving children, but as for their Christianity, we would have none of it. Their ships returned to their own country laden with spoils. Others quickly came in greater numbers to carry away the taxes.

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“Our philosophy teaches ‘Thou shalt not kill,’—what could we do? The Christians took advantage of us who lived the teachings of Jesus and valued His religion far above all earthly possessions. While our nation was being plundered the Christian World prayed for the conversion of the ignorant heathen, and that the banner of the Cross would soon wave over all creation. The real teachings of Jesus were given to us by holy men who attained to the Christ-state centuries before His star arose in the East. India has given birth to several Christs, and their teachings are now translated into English. Strange as it may seem to you, three women of our land have, by their works and lives, attained to the state of *Samādhi*, which *Samādhi* means Christ, or perfection.”

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“Swami, why did you come to America?”

“Because the taxes of men were once clutched by the bloody hand of our oppressors. As a nation you were called Christians, so your would-be masters could not begin by enslaving you in the name of the Nazarene. You threw off the tyrants’ yoke before it was firmly welded about your nation’s neck. Of course, from such ancestors you have inherited a reverence for their God, Gold, but above all other Gods the citizens of America have crowned the Goddess of Liberty.

“India must appeal to the worshippers of this Fair Queen for pity and aid. By the scales of Justice upon your nation’s shield we beseech you to investigate the cause of the famines where thousands of human beings die of starvation within sight

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of the treasure-laden ships of the Christians, which annually sail from our shores carrying away more than forty million pounds sterling taxes. This enormous sum is spent to pay licentious nobles to rule India. In return she is not given public schools or sanitary arrangements which would ameliorate the sad condition of her poor. In the name of Christianity our country has been plundered by taxation. I beg you to remember your own little tea party which took place in Boston Harbor. When the people of India protested and claimed the right to rule themselves, our men were tied to the mouths of cannons and their bodies blown into fragments. Do you wonder why we refuse to receive spiritual instruction from such a nation? I ask this Congress, how long will your ruling Goddess

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be deaf to India's cry for justice? When will the liberty loving nations of the world open their eyes and view a people starved and ground into dust by men who should blush to unfurl the banner bearing the symbol of the Nazarene?"

"Swami, how many Sanyassin monks are there in your order?"

"Two hundred thousand."

"Are there many priests of other orders?"

"Yes, thousands."

"In your brotherhood alone you have a large army of thinkers whose minds are sharpened and brought to a focus by concentration upon your oneness with the Infinite, into whose being you expect to merge that of your own when you become perfect. I advise the men of your order to use their combined wills or

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minds to break down the barriers of caste and persuade every native of India to awaken from his dream of a future heaven, and let each one do his part to make your country a place where its lower classes are given homes, food, and water, such as are provided for animals that thirst and starve.

“Let each man of your order throw aside the badge of caste and begin to dig sewers, wells, etc. You must persuade the nobles to aid the work by giving lands and money. Your oppressors would begin to respect your earnest effort, and some of the money from taxes would be expended upon a water system which would flow as freely for pariah as prince. Two hundred thousand Swamis could teach as many schools, and you should request your English rulers to pay you salaries for this

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work. If it is your religion to keep neither purse nor scrip, give this money for free wells, clothes, and food for those who have not taken the vow of poverty.

“As a lawyer, I should suggest to the priests of India that they arouse the people, and advise them to begin their appeal for freedom by heading the march which will quickly lead them from under the hand of foreign oppressors. Make the first onslaught upon your chief enemy, the army of indolent idlers who produce nothing, and swarm upon your land as Coxey’s Army swarmed upon Washington. Instead of sitting down to meditate upon the time when your individuality is to be merged into that of God’s, it would be far better to teach your countrymen how to apply mental and spiritual methods, by

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learning how best to live their present earth life.

“Formulate a sort of mental method for the living. Teach them that action is the prayer which will quickly bring about the desired national changes. Before man is prepared to live in this world, or learns his A B C's as a progressive positive living creature, he permits himself to drift into a negative condition which must inevitably result in the death of the physical body.

“The spiritual teachers of to-day must return to their studies, and search all holy writings until they find how to lead their followers into that heaven which is here and now. When the blind no longer seek to lead the blind, thinking man will not willingly spread a mental feast and allow those self-invited pirate guests, Fear, Poverty, Disease, and

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Death, to occupy the seats of honor ; for he will know that at the end of the banquet he must 'walk the plank' for the final delectation of those self-elected commanders.

"Teach man to shut the door of his mind in the faces of these unwelcome visitors, go out into the by-ways and hedges and find Success, Freedom, Strength, and Divine Wisdom, and then persuade them to rest awhile under his mental vine and fig tree. They will eat and be filled when he offers only a handful of grain, nuts or fruits, and will be prepared for the coming of that which follows in the train of self-denial : immortality for the body. Man will then know that body, mind, and spirit are one, and that to sever them even in thought is retarding his onward march to the plane from which St. Paul triumphantly exclaimed :

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‘Death is swallowed up in victory !
O death, where is thy sting ? O
grave, where is thy victory ?’

“It does seem strange that the sages and saints of India can allow themselves to become so negative as to die, for death is retrogression. When positive you are filled with health and divine life. When negative, or inactive, you sicken and your body returns to earth. I wish that we could induce a half-dozen men of your order to study mental healing. That half-dozen men would have power to energize your brothers so that they would apply their wisdom to earth life ; and soon no one would starve within sight of treasure-ships laden with the spoils of taxation, for the modern Hindoos would give a tea party such as Earth has never witnessed, even in Boston Harbor. When India applies

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American Psychotherapeutics to her national ills she will quickly march abreast with other free nations. Then her gentle neck will no longer bend under the yoke of tyranny, pestilence, and famine."

CHAPTER VI

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

“**T**HE next stone to address us is larger and rounder than—

“I’m a brick! I’m a brick!”
exclaimed the medium.

“Order! Order! in the Court—
Seance I mean. The next speaker is a magnificent stone showing all the rainbow colors. That is because he has studied in all schools, read the books written by men to establish their creeds, and eagerly embraced the truth wherever found; but he has most attentively studied the one containing all wisdom, nature’s closely-written volume, which

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she gladly unlocks and throws open wide to students who are free to receive her wondrous teachings without fear that truth will unsettle their belief in their grandfather's creed. The Philosopher's Stone will now speak for some of his many masters."

The stone of many stones spoke in a slow, deep voice, reminding one of the Texas norther as it sweeps across the telegraph wires of the Southern prairies, then, again bringing the listener back to Harvard's chime of bells pealing merrily out over the snow-covered country. Listening, one could almost fancy that he saw the sun burst forth to add rainbow colors to the scene :

" Many centuries after I came as a messenger to earth, stoics sat beside me while teaching their disciples. One day a student came to

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gather sand, and I was put into the mortar which held the stones forming the doorstep upon which my beloved master, Socrates, sat and taught that man is spirit, and not the fleshly veil hiding the real man. Politicians used the law to murder him for teaching that Heaven is within a well-governed mind, and Immortality is for those who attain peace within; since death cannot touch him who realizes that he is spirit while yet in the body. Real freemen are these; others, only slaves to flesh. What priest or man could hold another in bondage while this mild teacher assured his hearers that spirit could not die, but often remained near the field where its earthly appetites could be gratified?

“Men wanted to own the souls as well as the bodies of their slaves, so they compelled my master to

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drink the poison. He went to sleep blessing those who forced the cup to his lips. In their rage his enemies broke the stone, hoping to destroy the environment, believing that thus his teachings would sooner pass from the minds of those who heard them. When the step was crushed I was as free as the spirit of my master after it left the dense body for the last time. Then my journey began.

“As is usual after a holy teacher has been put to death, the people treasured his sayings in their hearts. His pupils met to meditate upon the life and words of their master, and by one of them I was picked up as a remembrance. He gave me the name of ‘The Philosopher’s Stone,’ of which you have often heard, because scenes from my strange life reached the public from time to time.

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“Since those days fate has given me no rest. My young lord drank just enough of the wine of philosophy to awaken his thirst for deeper draughts; he wrote down all the teachings that he could recall to memory, and used me as a weight for his parchments. When he grew to be an old man, I descended with his writings to his best beloved disciple, who held me next in value to the parchments. As the years passed many grew to regard me as able to impart to them the secrets of Mother Nature. I had no freedom in those days, when men fought the real truth with a sharper sword than they do now.

“At this period I grew to possess even greater value than written words. I was treated like a prince by the sages, who kept me upon their desks to create an environment,

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or centre, to draw them into the vibrations of my former masters. They placed a glass upon a mirror and covered the glass with a yellow silk handkerchief; then I rested upon the silk, while my master stood and gazed upon me. Whatever the question in the mind of the sensitive student holding the corners of the handkerchief, the answer would be reflected upon my body. Those were great days. If, by heavy pressure, I was overworked, my master would close the room, leaving only a little light to fall through yellow curtains, and taking care that the light never touched the corner where I reposed. Then I was left to rest until peace came into my tortured heart.

“Strange as it may seem to you, the Wise Men of the East bore me in state to the manger in Bethle-

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hem, when they came to instruct the mother in the *breathings* to be given her son Jesus, that his spiritual senses might become awakened to the message I bear. Before the humanitarians departed they taught the power of concentration upon one object (I was that object); they also left colored vessels from which the child was to eat and drink. Along with the vessels were lovely colored garments to be worn at different stages of the lad's development; and in each of those seamless robes was woven a little pocket into which I fitted as hand within a glove.

“When Jesus became a healer and teacher he looked about for some one to whom he could leave me, and to the twelve he often said: ‘To him that overcometh will I give a white stone.’ As his time grew

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shorter, he announced to the multitude that he would give a white stone to any one who had overcome fleshly desires, but, alas, no one had the courage to receive me from his hand.

“The day that his garments were parted and lots cast for the fragments, the three Wise Men, who had provided them as a loving mother provides for her unborn baby, were at Jerusalem to receive their own; they had mastered time as well as space. At once they began to make ready the conditions wherein another free soul might return to earth and under their guidance be made strong enough to become an instrument for lifting humanity to a higher spiritual plane.

“Before man used me for acquiring wealth to spend upon his earthly appetites I was carried in the pocket

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of the slave who said, 'Though you carry my body in chains through your streets yet I am free': for the real Epictetus cannot be bound. Break my bones to see me wince,—spiritualized matter cannot feel pain. Knowing myself to be spirit, I can never again suffer physical inharmony. Only those who think themselves flesh suffer fleshly ills. To become real masters of the body, live in spirit thought, then you will cease to vibrate with all the harsher mental notes afloat in the universe.

"To this day men read the Stoic's discourses. A few months ago two men were walking upon Onset Beach, and they stopped to rest near this Congress. One remarked, as he sat down, 'Yes, I know that Epictetus taught all this mental force. Our metaphysicians are beginning to awaken to his real meaning of the

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power of mind over the body. Many physicians are finding his teachings to be the spring from whence pure, unadulterated truth flows.' The dark, priestly looking man answered, 'Surely, Epictetus lived "In tune with the Infinite."' The older man replied, 'Of course, because he knew that "All's right with the world."' Later they talked of Fichte, the last student who inherited me as a paper-weight. The American philosophers agreed that if people would learn from the writings of Fichte and Emerson, this nation would quickly attain spirituality, and might some day be a leader in philosophy, as it is now in finance.

"I, the Philosopher's Stone, was stolen from an Indian Temple, and presented by an army officer to an English nobleman who knew my

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value ; but, alas, when his son became master he owned fast horses and a theatre, in fact, many things of which his father had only dimly heard in the solitude of his country study. The young spendthrift asked me to show how he could gain a fortune, and I pictured to him the river of truth, which he mistook for the Atlantic Ocean. He sailed over to America and exchanged me for a million dollars ; but the New Yorker insisted upon throwing his daughter into the bargain for good measure, as he expressed it. My new master forced me to picture the future markets ! He gave me no rest by night or day. At last, I refused to work another night. In a fit of anger he struck at me ; missing the mark he fell, striking his head upon a bronze statue of the Nazarene and was taken speechless

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to bed. Arranging for the funeral, the butler tossed me into a wastebasket, and fate floated me to the delightful environments of this Cape, which is given up to spiritual teachings, and where it is possible to reveal to you this secret.

“Enclosed within my innermost being is a bit of a meteorite which was sent to Earth by the sages of Mars, who wrote upon it a message, and the characters used are now called *Widmannstätten*.* They wrote to attract the attention of man, whose curiosity would force him to study the peculiar message. When I was held in the hand of the philosopher, I whispered to him the secret of all creation. He questioned me and learned that an acid applied would make clearer the written

* See Century Dictionary and Cyclopædia, Vol. 8, Page 6921.

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characters. Since that day his successors have believed that truth is never revealed until pain has burned away the veil of dross hiding the real man, who manifests that which he has gained through suffering. Therefore, all who partially attain are tested as by fire.

“Six hundred and forty years before Christ, Thales’s mind became still enough for him to receive a part of my message. He presented me to his pupil, Anaximander, using these words: ‘Carry this stone in your girdle, for it has power to connect you with the sages of an older world than ours, a world whose sages have worked for many centuries to teach their younger brothers of earth the message of immortality for the body as well as the soul.’

“They have discovered that the breath of life will never cease when

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man has willed otherwise. Man fears to die, and not understanding that as a man thinketh in his heart so is he, the breath departs and the body dissolves. When mankind with one voice claim immortality for the physical body then there will be no death.

“While the earth was yet an outer ring of the sun, man’s ability to attain immortality through the power of his will was revealed to the inhabitants of the older planets. Their sages watched the earth in space, and calculated to a fraction the time it required to cool and form into a home for thinking man. Then I with many other messengers was sent out to speak to them of man’s spiritual kinship to all the universe.

“Kant and Sir William Herschel grew still enough to receive fuller

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teachings ; and to-day the thinkers of this world no longer flounder in darkness, for their eyes are turned to the light of the nebular theory, that key which unlocks the bright store-house of astronomical science. As the door swings open the light from within radiates and shines into the darkest recess of this little globe. The message for the soul, which I bear to earth, has now and then found a listener, and when the world was ready for a stronger and fuller message I gave it to the one made ready to receive. Swedenborg became an awakened soul, and now there are many following his teachings ; for he lifted the veil, that all other sensitives might come and go at will. The most intelligent communities possess their psychical research societies, and the awakened psychics are beginning to search out

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the hidden truths relating to body, mind, and soul in matter.

“ I was sent to prove that the nebular theory is true, and the world from whence I came only an older child of our common parent, the Sun. Being spirit we are also one, since we are all children of the same Creative Force. As for myself, I am only a link which binds the sages of Mars and the thinking children of Earth.”

“ Are there any questions ? asked the Chairman.

The fish now spoke in a lively, cheerful voice : “ Living so long with those who possessed pure, well-trained minds, that stone has formed the habit of grasping facts and making them plain to me, a poor dry little fish, who now feels much refreshed, thank you.”

The Chairman requested the re-

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maining members to remember the above when their time came to enlighten Mr. Fish's mind before it ceased to be jelly. He also stated that owing to the flat formation of the stones, who were now to address them, travelling with the tide was utterly impossible, consequently they must get themselves built into grand ornamental buildings where the well-to-do public can worship God. When a fashionable woman left Boston to summer at Buzzard's Bay, a few of these two-sided members came down as ballast to deceive those who lifted her packing cases up the hotel stairs. She boarded all summer on the weight of those same stones. To get them safely out of the hotel, her maid put them into the sand buckets for the children to rattle, thereby drowning her conversation with the

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butler, who came over on the yacht to attend to the luncheon to be given on Onset Beach. When the children began to shovel sand they tossed the flat stones into this Congress.

Mr. Graspmore, the owner of the yacht, escorted his fashionable guest to luncheon. As they passed this Congress they paused to enjoy the view, and we heard him relating how he had advanced the price of coal oil one quarter cent per gallon, "which really," said he "makes a few millions more for me, but it will take such a small sum at one time from the pockets of each of the world's toiling paupers that they will never stop to question my work. I know how to square things with the idlers who have nothing to do but talk, and nothing to lose but their own self-conceit. People in mod-

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erate circumstances burn gas ; of course, our set illuminates with electricity, so it won't touch you or yours, my dear Mrs. Vainshow."

She exclaimed, "Oh, dear ! you naughty, rich man ; now you'll give us a Public Library, and a chapel for the Sunday School. Then we will place this stone into the reredos to remind us of the oil which you have been casting upon the troubled waters." Stooping down, she picked up our most brilliant orator, and we were forced to elect this piece of petrified shell, which still retains all the beautiful colors and carving done by its ancestor. The dainty ornamental work clearly demonstrates that it belongs to the old shell family, and not to the cod-fish aristocracy. He is a bishop, and proudly points to England as

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the spiritual parent of this prodigal child. If the interior of the structure which he represents is half as attractive, we are led to expect great artistic development from its followers; for at a glance we can see that its representative is royally clothed. He will now bestow some of his inner teachings upon the suffering audience.

CHAPTER VII

THE BISHOP (A PIECE OF PETRIFIED SHELL)

THE bishop sailed upon the platform like some soft, white sea-gull, adjusting the black silk velvet holding the lace ruffles in place at his wrists, now and then touching his fleecy sleeves as the sea-bird does its wings when preparing for a long sea voyage. His voice was musical and highly cultivated, and his robes were the latest style that Mother England exported for her children. After an expressive pause he began :

“As the head of this diocese I must first of all be a man of business

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and possess fine executive ability. To explain the Church's work will only require a few moments. We are systematically divided up into Clubs: Guilds for married ladies; Saint-vitas for the unmarried ladies; Girls' Friendly, for working women; and Mothers' Meetings for the ignorant women who cannot afford to belong to our swell Guilds, for it costs quite a large sum yearly for dinners, teas, fairs, etc. All these are to develop zeal for church work among church people. If a wealthy, busy person agrees to pay so much a year for charity, the money is held until one of our deaconesses reports a worthy case of need; then we confer with the associated charities to learn if the pauper has been helped by them, and if so to what extent. Is said pauper now on their black list? Often it takes many weeks to

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trace back to the place where a poor family first began to receive aid. If found to be worthy objects of charity the money is spent, but with no unseemly haste, for by these methods the wealthy are saved all personal contact with the poor. From a social point of view, or in other words as an exclusive Club, we are simply perfect. The rector's business is to see that our upper class is welded together by golden bands, making them one with the Church. Our arms are powerful to shelter and protect all fleece-bearing sheep who enter within our holy fold."

The Chairman asked for questions.

"Bishop, would you baptize me if I refused to give up dancing?" asked the fish.

"Most assuredly ; had some one thrown or poured sand over you saying : ' In the name of the Father,

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the Son and Holy Ghost,' you would have been made a member of *The Church*."

"Then the Dipper could have anchored me in your harbor?" asked the fish.

"Certainly not. He is no authorized Priest, for lack of the apostolic succession."

"Bishop, will you kindly explain the meaning of those last two words."

"Jesus Christ gave power to his apostles by the laying on of hands, and this power has descended in an unbroken line to bishops, priests, and deacons of the present day."

"White Stone, did you hear your master use those two big words?" asked the fish.

"Not while he taught beside the sea. After he entered the city he might have arranged his language to sound more harmonious to cultivated

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ears. He kept saying: 'Look within. Heaven is within the peaceful mind. When love dwells upon the altar of your heart, the body becomes the temple of the living God.' "

The Chairman asked, " Bishop, in the stock markets they 'bull' and 'bear' raw cotton, which is produced on Southern soil by slaves of poverty and vice, and the strength of little black children is spent 'toten der bag down der row.' If one of your thrifty parishioners made a million or so by purchasing May or June of next year for less than it costs to feed these helpless creatures while they are picking this modern golden fleece, would you allow that wealthy man to eat at your communion table, when it is a very evident fact that he has fleeced thousands of these modern slaves, and left

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them to shiver with malaria, or thirst with fever in that hot land where ignorance marches hand in hand with poverty?"

The Bishop replied: "The Church never questions the personal liberty of her children who exploit in the business world. Of course they are supposed to be intelligent enough to allow conscience to rule their daily lives. If not, the sin (if sin there be) must rest where it belongs, upon their own shoulders, for the Church has nothing whatever to say in the matter. Mr. Fish could dance to the end of his days and still remain an honored member of my diocese. Exactly the same rule applies to money making, in a legitimate way, of course. To attract fashionable society-people to the church our service must rival the opera. They wish to enter through

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wrought-iron doors, and eat and drink the Lord's last supper from gold and silver vessels, for without these evidences of wealth they would not feel at home. To induce them to take shelter underneath our wings the nest must be a work of art costing fortunes, therefore church people must have a quick and sure way of attracting opulence to spend upon spreading the Gospel."

"Thank you, Bishop, I can safely predict that when our audience re-incarnates beyond the cod state, he will certainly enter *The Church*. Even now I feel that your broad views have greatly revived his hopes, and since you do not condemn his love for dancing he will not feel like a fish out of water when he glides into your gilded dry dock."

CHAPTER VIII

PSYCHIC POWER

MRS. BRICK will be our final speaker, but having several times spoken out of order, she must now be formally introduced. Mrs. Brick, allow me to present Mr. Jelly-fish."

" 'Ha, mena sote mora och, yaw !' That was my Indian guide speaking through me, and he says: 'Glad to see all big braves,—same for little Swim Flat!' In a shrill childish voice, Mrs. Brick continued :

"It really makes no difference to me who uses my tongue. To-day we have heard much of brotherly love, but I claim we must also hold

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our bodies for the use of disembodied intelligences ; because Spirits are able to learn so much after they have passed over to the Spirit World, and of course, these teachers must borrow a physical body to operate through. Onset is working to lift the world to a plane of understanding where ignorant man can be parted from all his departed enemies (friends or relatives,—the so-called dead), who bring ill-luck, disease, insanity and often death to mortals. Spiritualists call it obsession, though they are not teaching it as Christ did when he sent the devils into the swine. We want all our pork to bake with Boston beans ; so we have greatly improved on the old method by allowing the spirits to come and take peaceable possession of a medium. While the Spirit is in our seance we try to teach it to do better,

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—even sending it away with our spirit bands, who carry it where it can be instructed ; the younger ones are taken to schools established for little Spirit Wanderers. When a Church helps on this line of work it is called praying its members out of purgatory. After my body became an ‘ Inn to Let,’ a few of these reformed Spirits returned and entered my band, and are now working for humanity.”

The Chairman suggested that they conclude with questions and answers, for the sound of the incoming tide assured them that Mr. Fish’s time was very limited.

“Mrs. Brick, by what right do you occupy the central position in this Congress?”

“First, my great size. Second, my deep red color, which makes the other stones pale in comparison.

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Last and greatest, my sensitive power, which makes it possible to hold this Congress, since I'm the medium through whom you have all spoken to-day. Of course, stones cannot talk unless they find a kind brick to hold a circle for them."

"Will you please explain your powers?"

"Only through mediums can mortals obtain knowledge. Poets, teachers, inventors and thinkers are all mediums; yet they do not understand that the Spirits are sending their messages to the world through their brains. Even the Philosopher's Stone is a medium, because it was sensitive enough to absorb its learning from the parchment upon which it rested."

"Mrs Brick, can you tell us how you were created?"

"Of course, and it is a sight more

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than anybody else in this Circle knows."

"How did God make you?"

"God, indeed; he had nothing whatever to do with my creation. When a brick mason was putting me into the sidewalk of State Street, Boston, I heard him telling a little boy how I was made. He said wet sand and straw were mixed and moulded into perfect shape, then baked in a kiln. After a few hours I came out a brick and ready for service. The brokers found that I would be a golden brick to them by revealing the doings of the future stock market, so I was taken to the Board of Trade. On my powers the bears leaned, cornered pork, and made millions; but the bulls fought and bled, making a rush for me; then I was dropped by the bears and stamped on by hoofs until I was

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a house divided against itself. Every customer was angry with me, for the day was Friday, and Saturday the Boston bean pots must run on half rations of pork. I was so shattered that the members on the Board agreed to give me a rest at Onset, where I could go into retreat and develop a new phrase of mediumship."

"From what peculiar qualities do you take the name of medium?"

"By entering my sensitive physical body the Spirits teach those who sit in my Circle. They say that man created me under the direction of his Spirit Guides. Don't you see that the brick is porous for light to enter? Even the rain filters through. Spirits use a medium's physical body just as the water does a brick."

"What benefit do Spirits derive

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from returning as tramps to borrowed fleshly houses?"

"Why, they tell fortunes, teach the ignorant of life on a higher plane; and often heal the sick. Mediums are human filters through whose bodies earth-bound Spirits can become purified and lifted to higher spheres; then they will no longer remain in their old homes bringing the very things which they fear upon their loved ones. Only through mediums can the moral sewage of both worlds become pure."

The Chairman further questioned: "Then a medium is a sort of human mad-stone for absorbing the hydrophobia of ignorance, and this wonderful stone is warranted to stick to the wounds of either flesh or spirit? Did the little dark woman when asking the tall fair one to 'OPEN

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HER DOOR' wish that she, too, might become a mad-stone through which all creation could filter?"

"She only hoped to do the poor wandering creature a service when she told her that she had been crushed and baked, and had come out a brick. To refuse to lend her body to the Spirits was high treason, which Spirits punished by instant destruction. People must be crushed before they can understand Spirit Power. While in the kiln so much of the coarse and earthy is burned from their natures that they are able to absorb finer matter."

"Mr. Fish, please don't groan, you shall control me within one hour after your evaporation has been completed; for a brick can be used much better than a mass of jelly, which has done nothing to aid humanity by dancing through life.

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Promise to return and teach this Congress. As spirit you will be a great power in my band. Christ and all the other teachers who have sent pupils to this Congress were only mediums who now return to my Circle and say that they can even remember when they passed through the brick kiln.

“The power generated by several sensitive people sitting in the silence of a dark room has materialized in the creation of the brick commonly known to the world as a medium. The accumulated wisdom of ages is gathered from the higher spheres and brought to my Circle by my little Indian control, ‘Black Hog.’ No use for Spiritualists to travel, read books, or listen to earthly teachers. When they have learned how to make their thoughts positive to the lower and

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negative to the higher Spirits they can obtain answers to any questions. My guides assure me that the mind of man can never touch the fourth sphere. Consequently we must begin by becoming one with the lower order of Spirits, if we would understand the laws governing Creative Force. Talk of oneness, I live it; for I would scorn to own a body just for my selfish spirit. When all people become developed mediums heaven will reign upon earth. Once this wholesale filter business is properly established ignorance will vanish."

"Mrs. Brick, what caused those large holes in your body?"

"Water passing through. Even the sand helps to make them larger."

"Tell us, does not the constant passing of foreign spirits through

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the medium's body weaken her will-power ?”

“What do I care about will-power when I work for humanity ?”

“If you permit tramps to occupy your domicile, do they not always leave marks and stains which can never be effaced ?”

“Wait until I call my Guide, ‘White Calf’; she’ll tell us. *Och ma son lena saha*. She says, in working for the people one must consider the greatest good to the greatest number; perhaps she heard the Bishop’s hint about the stock-broker and the starving laborers of the South. Nothing matters, whatever ill befalls the body, for my Spirit Guides promise to build me a better one, when I pass out, if I’ll rent or take them into partnership, so that they can help humanity.”

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"White Calf, answer this question: What do you mean by partnership with the medium?"

"My medie got to live. Peoples pay wampum if Indian medicine man make heap well. If no bright shiners, we no work for cure him pain. Medie holds lock hair, den her spirit steps out and stan to her right side; me, White Calf, move in, do some busnix; medie take wampum, White Calf get erfy speerence."

In a voice of scorn the Chairman said to White Calf, "You Indians let the white men take your beautiful land, giving death in exchange. Do you mean to tell me that you return from your 'Happy Hunting Grounds' to earn a living for the children of your slayers? How could Indians become slaves for such masters?"

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“Good Chief, dis what White Calf hope. Let come examine hair, come 'gin, tell how to find man's trot-foot; next time young squaw ask when her mother-in-law can be helped to spirit-world; man want White Calf say when his wife goen dead, so he be free to marry her cook, he been love wif heap long time. One day White Calf come have some fun. Medie say go; me say no. She squeal like big war-whoop, den big Injun braves take tomahawk and we push medie's spirit out into der yard; me back in own home. Ga long; be no mo fire-water.”

“Mrs. Brick, if what your Indian control says is true, the practice of mediumship is really the unpardonable sin. It is the only sure way to destroy one's individuality; for without strong will power another

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physical body can never be constructed. Perhaps the forces who have worked at your command will in turn demand a like service from you. When coming to Onset you closed and locked your city home to prevent tramps from entering at will, but this, your soul's home, is open to any influence which happens to pass along. Why do you guard the man-built house with bolt and bar and at the same time turn your precious 'Jewel Casket' into a haunted house for earth bound spirits, on evil missions intent?

"When saint and sage depart this life they are not easily attracted to Circles managed for mercenary gains by people who have attained very little on either the mental or spiritual plane. It seems incredible that in this enlightened age of perfected telegraph and telephone, Spirits

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with the slightest degree of intelligence have not constructed even finer methods than ours for sending messages to man. Their taking possession of a person's body to teach is like putting a flea into the ear to whisper what should be spoken boldly face to face. Our men of science are experimenting in psychology and have discovered that they can send messages over waves of ether without the aid of wires. Spiritualists should not entertain spirit guests who insist upon the old fashioned familiar spirit way of appearing as helpers.

“Masters of psychology demonstrate that by concentration they are able to fix their minds upon a person, and by the power of suggestion send messages over the ether which touch the subject of their thoughts,

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thus lifting the receiver of a spiritual teaching into harmony where peace fills the soul with gladness, bringing to the mind a lofty desire to become one with the Creator. In fact, the patient feels as if old wine had been poured into his physical body, because the mind has been lifted above earthly things and pain ceases to be a reality. Why cannot spirits use this discovery, which is as old as the Vedanta philosophy?

“Developed will power is the one thing which elevates man to a plane above the lower animals; for example, see what an easy matter it was for Balaam’s ass to speak for the spirits, and at the command of Christ how readily the evil demons entered into and destroyed the swine. Let human swine beware lest they too be overtaken when

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their will power is weakened by consorting with familiar spirits.

“As a matter of common justice to their mediums, Spiritualists should establish a school of psychology in each one of their Societies, and compel both mortals and spirits who wish to become teachers to study telepathy, mental therapeutics, and divine science.

“In ‘The Coming Race,’ Lord Bulwer Lytton proved himself to be a true seer and prophet when he wrote that, ‘Vril (concentrated will) was to be the Supreme Power to lift humanity to a spiritual state of unfoldment.’”

While the last words were being spoken the jelly-fish bowed to the right, then to the left, and glided into the middle of the Bay. The Parson declared, as one speaking with authority: “That jelly-fish is

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now sailing in the middle of the stream which leads straight to perdition."

"Brother," answered another, "you had better say that it is dancing into the Inferno."

The Chairman soliloquized : " Its escape is a miracle far exceeding that of the biblical Jonah."

The first high wave dashed over the Congress, almost drowning the Swami's voice, but the Circle plainly heard these words :

" Brothers and sisters : It was not a miracle ; while the Philosopher's Stone was speaking I used hypnotic suggestion to suspend the physical functions of the fish's body. Meanwhile I awakened its sub-conscious mind to greater action, that it might receive and comprehend spiritual instruction. In other words I preserved its life by concentrated-

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mental power which our Brother calls a modern miracle. In India many centuries ago I studied it as Hatha Yoga to gain immortality for my physical body before I became a master of Rajah Yoga."

THE END

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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